

The Times-Dispatch

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1910.

NOT DOWN IN EGYPT THIS TIME.

Yesterday morning the Mayor of the second largest city in the world was shot down by an assassin on board a steamship in New York Harbor. The victim was William J. Gaynor, and the assassin was James J. Gallagher, a discharged employee of one of the departments of the city government. The assassin was arrested by the police and the Mayor was rushed to the hospital.

Some weeks ago the world was startled by the speech of a distinguished American on a visit to a foreign country declaring that the administration of justice in that country had failed utterly because, under the influence of "patriotic" passion, the Prime Minister of Egypt had been slain by an assassin. The implication was that if the English were as fit for the government of the country under their control as the Americans, such a crime could not have been committed. Many of the English and Nationalists and fellahs present probably did not recall at the moment that this speaker, bearing upon his shoulders the burden of reforming the earth even to the uttermost parts thereof, was himself made by one of the most infamous crimes ever committed in the history of the world.

This incident is only noted here for the purpose of suggesting that the rest of the nations have something to learn from the United States in murder as a fine art. According to the latest statistics we have at hand, the average number of murders annually committed in the United States during the twenty years from 1890 to 1909 was 6,597. In 1890, 10,662 murders were committed in the United States, and in 1909, 10,500. In Italy, 3,606 murders were tried and 2,805 were convicted; in Belgium, 132 were tried and 101 were convicted; in Spain, 1,834 were tried and 1,085 were convicted. These countries are named because we are accustomed to regard them as not so highly "civilized" as the United States. "In Germany (in 1906) the convictions equaled 95 per cent. and a fraction; in the United States, 1.3 per cent."

We are not the most civilized people in the world. Life is not so safe in this country as in many of the other countries which we much deride. Property is not so well guarded here as in many other lands. Three Presidents of the United States have been assassinated—Abraham Lincoln, in a time of great war excitement; Garfield, as the result of factional dissension in his own party; and McKinley. At the close of the Columbian Exposition, Carter Harrison, the Mayor of Chicago, was slain. The Governor of Idaho was assassinated because of the mob spirit which had been encouraged by organization. Now, Gaynor is shot down by a discharged employee of the great city whose affairs he has managed with great ability and courage.

What is the lesson of all these terrible tragedies? We do not know, except that the law is not enforced and that lawless men in high official station have taught the people that when the law stands in the way of the accomplishment of some possibly worthy purpose the law may be disregarded; the law may take care of itself, if it can.

The Gaynor case is not a case of how the English have failed down in Egypt; but of how we fail in the United States. The shooting of Gaynor may be punished; it is not by any means certain that it will be. "Extenuating circumstances" will be found. It will be shown, possibly, that he used threatening words or was advancing upon the assassin when he was compelled to fire, feeling that his personal safety was imperiled. Gallagher is doubtless a poor man and has a family dependent upon him for support and was deprived of the means for their support by this hard man, who ordered his removal from office. Religious and social and partisan pleas will be made for the delivery of this poor assassin, who was driven to desperation and shot down the Mayor in a moment of emotional insanity. There are thousands of cases like it, and the yellows will "play it up" until the public will be convinced that in shooting Gaynor the assassin did a noble act. Is the United States civilized?

THE V. M. I. RECORD.

The report of Captain P. D. Lochridge, of the United States Army, detailed to inspect the Virginia Military Institute, shows "that conditions are well-nigh perfect. In no instance is there an unfavorable comment. The Institute is ranked as 'Class A, Distinction.'" This simply means that the "West Point of the South" is maintaining the proud record which it achieved long ago. To make a record is worthy of praise, but how

much more excellent it is to continue it, year after year. "Very good" and "excellent" are the only adjectives used by the official inspector in reference to this institution. The military machine depends on the esprit de corps of the men who compose it, and this report, therefore, speaks eloquently of the fine spirit that prevails at V. M. I. Lacking the splendid buildings of some other institutions, not so well equipped as others in many ways, the Institute has never failed to turn out well-trained, efficient, manly men. The high distinction of the institution, standing out clearly as it does among the military colleges of the country, is an honor to Virginia.

"FOR REVENUE ONLY."

"A Country Bumpkin" wants to know "where we are at" and asks why we "have side-stepped the tariff issue?" We haven't. We stand where we have stood all along and where we shall stand to the last—for a tariff for revenue only, where Grover Cleveland stood. In the language of that great leader, we hold that "the useless exaction of money from the people upon the false pretext of public necessity, is the worst of all governmental perversions, and involves the greatest of dangers to our guarantees of justice and equity." We hold, further, that "the interests of the people are betrayed when by unnecessary taxation trusts and combinations are permitted and fostered which, while enriching the few that combine, rob the body of our citizens by depriving them as purchasers of the benefits of natural competition." We hold, further, that "when, through Federal taxation, burdens are laid upon the daily life of the people, not necessary for the Government's economical administration, and intended, whatever the pretext, to enrich a few at the expense of the many, the governmental compact is violated." We believe that the "demand" of the last Democratic National platform for the "immediate repeal of the tariff on pulp, print paper, lumber, timber and logs and that these articles be placed upon the free list," should have had the support of all the Democratic Senators and Representatives in Congress, and that when they failed to vote for such repeal they were in contempt of the law of the party.

In the race for Congress in this district, which resulted yesterday in the renomination of Mr. Lamb, we did not take sides, for the very evident reason that the party authorities permitted Mr. Lamb to enter the race for re-election in the Democratic primary, notwithstanding the fact that they were well-informed of his position on the lumber question, a position, which, in our opinion, was wholly untenable. In the opinion of the party authorities, however, he was not disqualified because of his attitude on this question from running for renomination, and as he was permitted to enter the race, despite his recalcitrance, and as his views were fully known and understood by all the voters of the party, we did not regard it as any part of our duty to make a fight against him in these columns. The fact that the Democratic authorities permitted him to run in a Democratic primary, a family affair, where all the family knew what he is and what he had done, would have justified, in our opinion, a fight against him in this place.

The fact that nearly, if not all, the other Democrats from Virginia voted as he voted on the lumber question, and that many other Democratic Senators and Representatives from the South also voted in the same way does not, of course, excuse Mr. Lamb, and the fact that in other tariff lumber received greater protection than under the schedule for which Mr. Lamb voted, has nothing to do with this case. Our view, speaking generally, is that unless the candidates for office are blacklisted by the party authorities and forbidden to enter the party lists, they are entitled to a square deal and are not fit subjects for editorial denunciation.

THE OFFICE-HOLDING HABIT.
 "He took my bread and butter away from me, and I came over here to get him. I got him."
 That sounds as if it had been made up by some nimble writer as about the thing that might have been said, but it is reported to have been one of the utterances of Gallagher, the assassin of Mayor Gaynor, when he was arrested yesterday. It shows, among other things, the effect of the office-holding habit upon the minds of the men who seem to think that they hold office in fee simple; that what is given to them by appointment or by election is theirs to have and to hold forever. Gallagher was a watchman in the dock department by appointment. He had been in the place for seven years, and evidently regarded it as his personal property. When he was removed a few weeks ago he felt that he had been wrongfully deprived of a personal possession and he determined to "get even" with Mayor Gaynor by his undoing. He did not stop to think that he was about to take away the bread and butter from the Mayor's family; but, being obsessed of his own selfish concerns, he committed one of the monumental crimes of the age.

It was the office-holding habit; the sense that he had been deprived of something that belonged to him. When men lose their jobs in the ordinary vocations of life they do not kill their former employers; if such were the case, the cooks and butlers and waiters and all the rest of the employed would be incited to "get even"—it is only when it comes to the office-holder, or the disappointed seeker after a place at the expense of the public, that there is resort to personal vengeance.

The great cities of the country, and especially the city of Washington, are filled with those who have fed at the public trough; former Congressmen who fairly haunt the corridors of the Capitol and the streets feeling that they have a right to continue to play in the national game. There are several hundred thousand men in New York in every way as competent as Gallagher who make their bread and butter by work—work as other men do, thousands of men who have lost out through no particular fault of theirs, as they think, and yet who never think of killing somebody to get even for a fancied or a real grievance. It is only the office-holders who imagine that they have been wronged to the extent of justifying them in the commission of murder. It is strange how the office-holding habit perverts the moral vision.

BUY EVERYTHING YOU NEED IN RICHMOND.
 Following the suggestion of The Times-Dispatch, the Chamber of Commerce has sent a letter to the people of this town urging upon them the importance of living at home, of patronizing home industries, of buying what they need in Richmond. That is what they ought to do, in the first place, because the merchants are their neighbors, contribute a great deal for the support of the institutions of the community, give full weight and measure—a pound for a pound, a gallon for a gallon, a yard for a yard.
 In the second place, they can get better bargains here than they can get anywhere else.
 The buyers know the wants of the community and carry in stock precisely the things that the people want. If the goods are not precisely what the purchaser expected, the tradesman is within ready reach of his customers and is prepared to make good.
 The styles are the same as those prevailing in the great cities of the North and of foreign lands. The expense of shopping here is less than it could be, possibly, in any other town, to which long journeys would have to be made.
 Economy in buying, opportunity of personal selection, variety of stock, superiority of goods, perfection in style, interest in the welfare of the community—these are some of the reasons which should bring to the Chamber of Commerce the unanimous consent of the people of Richmond to the sound gospel of living at home.

BRAIN VS. BRAWN.

Dean Sheppard, of the Lyman C. Smith College of Applied Science in Syracuse University, and Professor Paul C. Nugent, of the same institution, were assaulted brutally last Friday by a student, Herbert W. Faus. This young man failed to get his degree last June, but he had since made up the work under a professor who at the time of these assaults was in Canada. Professor Nugent refused to deliver the diploma to Faus without the content of Professor Graham. Finally, Faus secured the diploma in the office of Dean Sheppard, saying to him, "If you want to see what I think of your instruction and the diploma I will show you." He then touched a match to the diploma and started to light a cigar with it. The result was that Faus insulted the Dean. The Dean struck Faus and then Faus whipped the Dean. Then he bruised up Professor Nugent.

College professors are not always as broad in their sympathies as they might be; sometimes their vision is hopelessly limited by the red tape of college administrative forms; but, take them for all in all, they are fair. There is little reason to think that in the case of Faus there was any injustice done him.
 The point of the matter, in our view, is that he probably belonged to that all too prevalent species of college student—the genus athletic "strutter." Faus is described as "commodore of the Syracuse crew"—"he was behind in two subjects owing to his athletic and social activities." In other words, he was a man who placed social and athletic activities first, and the mere matter of an education, a very far away second. The colleges are full of such men, and the example of these men, taken as a whole, does more real harm to the colleges than athletic accidents ever could do.

The modest athlete, who divides his time and work proportionately, and does not become saturated with conceit and insolence, is worthy of due praise. There are too few like him. On the other hand, there is the big hulk of a brute, upon whom the refining influences of college have about as much effect as they would have upon a Moro chief. He is arrogant, overbearing, and if you please, in the last analysis, as complete a "tough" as any that ever fought over his two cent beer in a Bowery saloon. For scarcely three months of the year he is an athlete; for the rest of the time he is a loafer and rascal. He speaks the language of the "tough," sometimes when he knows better, and affects all the crude and boorish manners of the loud "sport." We are not informed as to what manner of fellow Faus is.

The most deplorable thing of all is, though, that in many of our colleges and universities this type of athlete is placed on a pedestal of popular favor and hero-worship. He is sought out, he is entertained, he is asked to join the most exclusive secret societies and social organizations, he is a social and political "lion." Men who would become "prominent" in college fawn upon him, flatter him, pay gladly for anything he wishes to buy, and are his social slaves. College sentiment ought to be strong enough to discriminate between the "tough" and the gentleman; it ought not to encourage the natural insolence and independence of the brutish churl who has no place within college walls.

The ideal student—and this ideal is

gaining in power all over the country—is the man who shall harmoniously combine the brawn and the brain and the sensibilities of the scholar. There will always be college men of the other type—but they are not on the increase. Cleaner athletes and cleaner athletes are coming into their own, slowly but inevitably.

MAY GO OFF AT ANY MOMENT.
 The Colonel was closeted with Loeb at Oyster Bay last night. We haven't the least idea what they talked about, but it must have been something very important—the Colonel never talks about anything, however unimportant in itself, that it does not immediately assume worldwide consequence. For all that we know, he may have told Loeb what he would do with the Vatican if he only had Canalejas's job, or he may have related some of his hair-raising experiences down in Africa. Possibly, he commented on the shooting of Gaynor in New York, and announced the conclusion that, bad as it was, it was not half so open to foreign interference as the assassination of the prime minister in Egypt. Perhaps he and Loeb merely talked over the good old times in the White House, when Loeb gave out statements for him without authority, which he could repudiate the next day if they did not seem to hit the bull squarely in the eye. Whatever they talked about, we wish Kerby had been there to take it all down for such use as might be made of it after the Ballinger conspiracy has succeeded. Probably we shall hear to-day, as we are informed by the Associated Press, with which George Harvey has nothing to do, that the volcano shows signs of renewed activity.

What took place last night at Oyster Bay, however, is not a patching to what will take place to-day, when Garfield and Pinchot are expected. There is really something in this advertised visit. Isn't it queer how the whole thing revolves around Garfield and Pinchot? How they always appear when a new reef is to be taken in Taft's sails? How they put their heads together when the country is to be saved, when the fires of insurgency are to be stirred from the smoldering embers? Isn't it strange that these three tailors of Tooley Street are eternally cutting out the political clothing the people will have to wear? No mention of Gladis is made; we never hear anything about Kerby; we do not know who is expected to pull out the chestnuts the next time; but the conspiracy moves on.

In the meantime, old Taft is taking his vacation at Beverly. One of these days, when he gets good mad, it is hoped that there will be something doing. An amiable man, once aroused, is the ugliest of customers, and here's hoping that the President will get mad. We have heard that he is not lacking in the spirit of resentment, and if must be said that he has been under the least bit of fired of having persons without authority attempt to manipulate his movements and decide for him what he should or should not do.

WHAT HOT "HAM" PATTERSON.
 Since the election in Tennessee last week, the esteemed Nashville American has been explaining how it happened, and why it was not exactly as it predicted that it would be, and what a terrible thing it was altogether, and how it forebodes evil times for the dear old State—the adopted State of that notorious South Carolinian, Andy Jackson—and all that sort of thing. We have been much moved by its distress, because, having but recently celebrated in splendid style its ninety-sixth birthday, it ought to have known better. It explains now that "the contract between the bolters and Republicans was carried out inviolate, and the Democratic candidates were defeated."

That looks very bad on its face, but the blow is not so crushing as it might have been if any Republicans had been elected. As matter of fact, all the candidates who were elected are straight Democrats and an analysis of the votes cast in the several counties would show doubtless that they were elected by Democratic votes. This would appear to be the case when it is known that counties in which there are practically no Republicans and that were never carried by the Republicans, voted against the so-called "regular Democratic ticket." Another thing worth remembering is that the "regular Democratic ticket" was supported by the Republicans openly and after due advertisement. A map printed by the American on Monday shows that the "regular" ticket carried only 17 counties out of the 96 counties in the State, and split the vote in another county, while the Independents carried 78 counties. The only explanation of the result that can be made is that the Democratic voters of Tennessee determined to put down the machine at Nashville, and they did it so thoroughly that even the machine and its thick-and-thin backers should know what it means. The courts of Tennessee will not take their orders from the Governor's office.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR ANARCHY.

The New York Herald recently published an interesting story about the new Anarchist colony at Barre, Vermont. It says: "Sinister as are the influences of anarchy, there are forces in Barre that counteract them. One is

baseball. The younger element mingle with the native Vermonters of their own age and take up the great national game, and in this healthy exercise dark and dangerous misgivings are often scattered."

If there were a great deal of truth in this, we should not be surprised. Baseball is a democratic game, and the people who assemble to watch a game of it are usually as typically democratic a gathering as can be found in America. The people who play it and the people who applaud it are good illustrations of the fact that this nation is a great composite of the high and the low, the native-born and the foreigner. The love for the game is well-nigh universal in this country, running along the keyboard of feeling from the humblest ditch-digger to the moneyed man. A three-bagger makes the bleachers and the grandstand kin. Even if these young foreigners are brought up under the red wing of Emma Goldman and fed on anarchistic doctrines, we doubt that they will have the violent and unfettered natures that might be theirs had they not been in daily contact with their more law-abiding fellow citizens. They will remember kindly their combats with the boys who were not brought up under anarchistic roofs. They will remember the lessons of restraint and coolness and fair play that they learned on many a dusty diamond. Will they forget "the rules of the game?" Will they not carry with them through life the impress of the lesson that in baseball, as well as in all other things, each individual may not do as he pleases? Will they forget the value of the rules and the necessity for the umpire?

No. They have lived in the open, under a clear sky, rubbing elbows with the fair-playing lads native to the soil. Lessons that are ground in under the stress of a tie in the ninth, or when two men are down and the bases are full and one run is needed to win, are hard to eradicate from the mind. Baseball may take the place of the bomb, after all.

There is some talk in Claremont, Virginia, as to the need of a "dictator" for the town. How would the Colonel do?

The Washington Star says, commenting upon the two new Southern Senators, Swanson, of Virginia, and Saunders, of Louisiana:

"But, although with no war records of their own, these men stand, of course, by the war records made by their people. They cherish the history of their States in all details. What we are all engaged in now is shaping and executing policies for the benefit of the reunited country. Of their own experience, the younger men of the South know the country in that condition. What they think of it, and how far they are willing to go in support of it, was attested at the time of the Spanish War, when they offered themselves freely to President McKinley for service in the field. The South would do well, therefore, in choosing her representatives in the national council, to hold the standard of these two men. They have proved their quality, and are young in years. Should they make good in their new places, their services can be commanded for a long time."

A few more years and there will be none left in either House of Congress to tell the story of the immortal past.

A. G. Spaulding, the pioneer of baseball, is to make the race for the United States Senate in California. If the "interests" have representatives in the Senate, isn't it fair that the sports should have one?

The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot says: "The suggestion that Virginia spend two hundred thousand dollars a year in advertising abroad the State's advantages in soil, climate, waterpower, mineral and timber wealth is not altogether without merit. No doubt, if properly and judiciously expended, that sum would prove beneficial in attracting population and accelerating agricultural and industrial development, but we seriously question whether the returns would compensate for the annual outlay. If Virginia has two hundred thousand dollars a year to expend in advertising, it seems to us better to devote it to the construction of good roads and the further improvement of the school system. Good roads and good schools are concrete evidences of progressiveness which constitute, even from an advertising standpoint, as profitable an investment as any State can make."

AMON!
 Brother Addison, of the Lynchburg News, refuses to consider the thought of meeting Doctor and Vice-President Anna Blount, of the Chicago Woman's Equal Rights Association in a joint debate. It will be recalled that Brother Addison reprinted a statement of Colonel Henry Waterson to the effect that Mrs. Ella Flagg Young was not a suffragist, and that the Doctor and Vice-President corrected the Tame Editor, of Lynchburg, declaring that she found what he said "amusing." So Brother Addison now holds the white flag. Ha! we shall correspond with the Doctor and Vice-President and see if she cannot be induced to go after him in his lair far above the craggy cliffs of the crystal James! It was the English Addison that wrote: "My voice is still for war. Gods! can a Roman senate long debate Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?"

O tempora! O mores! O Addison! There are three thousand two hundred and seventy-five cases of hookworm in North Carolina. Evidently spiritus frumenti is not the universal panacea. It is said to be.

The Louisiana Enterprise says: "The borders from Richmond at the beautiful suburban home of Mr. Charles V. Donnelly, and a troupe of frolicking children, may be seen every evening on the lawn of the Louisiana Hotel."

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GOOD advertising.

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Richmond Advertising Agency, Inc., Mutual Building.

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Healthy Mothers

Mother's Friend is used before the coming of baby, and the healthy woman can remain a healthy mother. It is the only remedy that perfectly and thoroughly prepares the system for healthy motherhood, and brings about a natural and easy consummation of the term. Women who use Mother's Friend are always saved much suffering when the little one arrives, and recover more quickly, and with no ill effects, or chronic troubles. Every expectant mother should safeguard her health by using Mother's Friend, thus preparing her physical condition for the hour of motherhood. This medicine is for sale at drug stores. Write for free book for expectant mothers.

BRADFELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

Junonia College.
 Will you please tell me through your Query Column where Junonia College is located?
 J. M. W., Huntingdon, Pa.

Origin of "Black Hand."
 Will you kindly print the origin of the "Black Hand"?
 According to the United States Secret Service the "Black Hand" is a little common to innumerable groups of criminals, operating under the direction of some secret central government. These men are blackmailers, using murder, arson, kidnapping and bomb-throwing, as punishments for those who do not submit to their iniquitous demands. "Black Hand" is, in short, a handy name for a brand of crime peculiar to Italian criminals, who are successful in it because of the temperaments of the foreign immigrants and their inborn dread of the extortionist. Whether the central government which guides the "Black Hand Society" is located in the United States or in Italy is something which neither the Italian nor the American authorities can discover. United States officers say the name of the American "Black Hand" emanated from Chicago, about ten years ago, when one of the first of many mysterious murders in the Italian quarter remained unsolved. The victim of the murder had received a warning that death would follow his failure to contribute a specified sum of money. The letter was embellished with a crude drawing, representing a fist clutching a dagger. The fist and dagger gave the name "Black Hand"—later to become unpleasantly familiar to every citizen of the country—and the sinister sketch was soon a source of terror to all law-abiding Italians.

Transparent Paste.
 Will you kindly tell me through your Query Column what kind of paste to use in mounting a photograph on glass, similar to a photo on the bottom of a paperweight? I will appreciate this information.

Use rather thin solution of gum arabic, strained through a cloth. Cover both picture and glass with a thin coat of glue and squeeze the picture between the glass and the glue, working toward the ends. This will exclude air bubbles, which show very plainly under glass. The glue must be removed before the picture dries and try again. See that every spot is covered with the glue. Do not use too much glue, and do not try to dry by artificial heat.

LORD ROCKSAVAGE IN NEED OF FUNDS.
 LORD ROCKSAVAGE, who arrived yesterday from London, has been replaced, nor has the vacant space been filled up. It was this same Lord Rockfords who, in order to raise the necessary money to pay his gambling debts, sold what was in those days the finest private collection of paintings in existence. They were purchased by Empress Catherine II. of Russia, and became the nucleus of the celebrated museum of paintings at the Imperial Horsham Palace at St. Petersburg. There are still, however, some very fine pictures left at Houghton Hall, including a number of Van Dykes.

Among the features of the house are the door and doorway leading from the hall to the saloon, the door and doorway leading from the saloon to the library, the door and doorway leading from the library to the study, the door and doorway leading from the study to the bedroom, the door and doorway leading from the bedroom to the bathroom, the door and doorway leading from the bathroom to the kitchen, the door and doorway leading from the kitchen to the dining room, the door and doorway leading from the dining room to the parlor, the door and doorway leading from the parlor to the library, the door and doorway leading from the library to the study, the door and doorway leading from the study to the bedroom, the door and doorway leading from the bedroom to the bathroom, the door and doorway leading from the bathroom to the kitchen, the door and doorway leading from the kitchen to the dining room, the door and doorway leading from the dining room to the parlor, the door and doorway leading 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